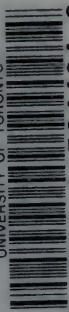


UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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THE
WONDER
of Women
Or

The Tragedie of Sophonisba,
as it hath beene sundry times Acted
at the *Blacke Friers.*

Written by JOHN MARSTON.



L O N D O N .

Printed by *John Windet* and are to be sold
neere *Ludgate.*

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To the generall Reader.

Now, that I have not labored in this poeme, to tie my selfe to relate any thing as an historian but to inlarge euery thing as a Poet, To transcribe Authors, quote authorities, & translate Latin prose orations into English black-verse, hath in this subiect beene the least aime of my studies. Then (equall Reader) peruse me with no prepared dislike, and if ought shall displeas thee thanke thy selfe, if ought shall please thee thanke not me, for I confesse in this it was not my onely end.

Io. Marston.

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Argumentum.

A gratefull harts iust haight : Ingratitude.
 And vowes base breach with worthy shame
 A womans constant loue as firm as fate (persu'd
 A blamelesse Counsellor well borne for state
 The folly to inforce free loue, These know
 This subject with full light doth amply show.

Interlocutores.

Massiniffa. } Siphax, }	<i>Kings in Lybia rivals for So- phonisba.</i>	Scipio. } Lælius. } Vangue.	<i>Generals of Rome. An Ethiopian slave.</i>
Aldruball.	<i>Father to So- phonisba.</i>	Carthalom.	<i>A Senator of Carthage.</i>
Geloffo.	<i>A Senator of Carthage.</i>	Gisco.	<i>A Surgean of Carthage.</i>
Bytheas.	<i>A Senator of Carthage.</i>	Nuntius. Sophonisba.	<i>Daughter to Af- druball of Car- thage.</i>
Hanno Mag- nus.	<i>Captaine for Carthage.</i>	Zanthia. Erietho. Arcathia. } Nycea. }	<i>Hermaide. An Inchantres. Waiting women to Sophonisba.</i>
Iugurth.	<i>Massiniffas Ne- phem.</i>		

Prologus.

Prologus.

Cornets found a march.

Enter at one dore the *Prologue*: too Pages with torches : *Asdrubal* and *Ingurb* too Pages with lights : *Massinissa* leading *Sophonisba* : *Zanbia* bearing *Sophonisbas* traine *Archia* and *Nicea* : *Hano* and *Bytheas* At the other dore too Pages with targets and *Iauelines*, too Pages with lights, *Syphax* armd from top to toe, *Vangue* followes.

These thus entred, stand still, whilst the *Prologue* resting betweene both troups speakes.

THe Sceane is *Lybia*, and the subiect thus.
Whilst *Carthage* stooode the onely awe of *Rome*,
As most imperiall feate of *Lybia*,
Gouerned by Statfmen each as great as Kings
(For 17. Kings were *Carthage* feodars)
Whilst thus she florishd, whilst hir *Hannibal*
Made *Rome* to tremble, and the Wals yet pale :
Then in this *Carthage* *Sophonisba* liu'd
The farre fam'd daughter of great *Asdrubal*?
For whom ('mongst others) potent *Syphax* sues
And well grac'd *Massinissa* riuals him
Both Princes of proud Scepters : but the lot
Of doubtfull fauour *Massinissa* grac'd
At which *Syphax* grows blacke : For now the night
Yeelds loud resoundings of the nuptiall pompe :
Apollo strikes his Harpe : *Hymen* his Torch
Whilst lowring *Iuno* with ill-boding eye
Sits enuious at top forward *Venus* : Loe
The instant night : And now ye worthier minds
To whom we shall present a female glory
(The wonder of a constancie so fixt
That Fate it selfe might well grow enuious).

The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

Be pleas'd to sit such as may merrit oile
And holy dew stil'd from diuiner heat,
For rest thus knowing, what of this you heare,
The Author lowly hopes, but must not feare.

*For iust worth neuer rests on popular frowne,
To haue done well is faire deeds onely crowne.*

Nec se quisueris extra.

Cornets sound a March, the Prologue leads *Massinissas*
troupes ouer the Stage, and departs : *Syphax* troupes onely
stay.



Actus

The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

Actus Primi. Scena prima:

Syphax and Vangue.

SY: Syphax, Syphax, why wast thou curfd a King?

What angry God made thee so great, so vile?

Contemd, disgraced, thinke, wert thou a slaue

Though Sophonisba did reiect thy loue

Thy low neglected head vnpointed at

Thy shame vnrumord and thy fute vnkoffd

Might yet rest quiet: *Reputation* his greatest source of

Thou awe of fooles and greatmen: thou that choakst discontent w

Freest addictions, and makst mortals sweat

Bloud and cold drops in feare to loose, or hope

!- To gaine thy neuer certaine seldome worthy gracings. *Sophonisba is the*

- *Reputation!* *blow to his*

Wert not for thee Syphax could beare this skorne

Not spouting vp his gall among his bloud

In blacke vexations: *Massinissa* might

Inioy the sweets of his preferred graces

Without my dangerous Enuy or Reuenge

Wert not for thy affliction all might sleepe

In sweete obliuion: But (O greatnes skourge!)

We cannot without Ennie keepe high name

Nor yet disgrac'd can haue a quiet shame.

Va. Scipio: - -

Sy. Somelight in depth of hell: Vangue what hope?

Va. I haue receaud assur'd intelligence

That Scipio Romes sole hope hath raifd vp men

Drawne troupes together for inuasion - -

Sy. Of this same Carthage. Va. With this pollicie

To force wild Hannibal from Italy ---

Sy. And draw the war to Affricke. Va. Right. Sy. And strike

This secure countrey with vnthought of armes

Va. My letters beare he is departed Rome

Directly setting course and sayling vp. - -

Sy. To Carthage, Carthage, O thou eternal youth.

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

Man of large fame great and abounding glory
Renounefull *Scipio*, spread thy too-necked Eagles,
Fill full thy sailes with a reuenging wind,
Strike through obedient Neptune, till thy prow
Dash vp our *Lybian* ouse, and thy iust armes
Shine with amazfull terror on these wals,
O now record thy Fathers honord bloud
Which *Carthage* drunke, thy Vncle *Publius* bloud
Which *Carthage* drunke, 30000. soules
Of choice *Italians* *Carthage* set on wing:
Remember *Hannibal*, yet *Hannibal*
The consul-queller: O then inlarge thy hart
Be thousand soules in one, let all the breath
The spirit of thy name and nation be mixt strong
In thy great hart: O fall like thunder shaft
The winged vengeance of incensed *Ioue*
Vpon this *Carthage*: for *Syphax* here flies off
From all allegiance, from all loue or seruice
His (now freed) scepter once did yeeld this Cittie
Yee vniuerfall Gods, *Light*, *Heate*, and *Ayre*
Proue all vnblessing *Syphax* if his hands
Once reare them selues for *Carthage* but to curse it.
It had beene better they had changd their faith,
Denide their Gods, then sleighted *Syphax* loue
So fearefully will I take vengeance,
Ile interleague with *Scipio*. *Vangue*.
Deere *Ethiopia's Negro*, goe wing a vessell
And fly to *Scipio*: say his confederate
Vowd and confirmd is *Syphax*: bidd him haft
To mix our palmes and armes: will him make vp
Whilst we are in the strength of discontent
Our vnsuspected forces well in armes
For *Sophonisba*, *Carthage*, *Asdruball*
Shall feele their weaknes in preferring weaknes
And one lesse great then we, to our deere wishes
Haste gentle *Negro*, that this heape may knowe
Me, and their wronge: *Va*: Wronge? (stronge
Sy. I, tho twere not, yet knowe while Kings are

What

The Tragedie of *Sophonisba*.

What thei'le but thinke and not what is, is wrong
I am disgrac'd in, and by that which hath
No reason, *Loue*, and *Woman*, my reuenge
Shall therefore beare no argument of right
Passion is Reason when it speakes from *Might*
I tell thee, man, nor Kings, nor Gods exempt
But they grow pale if once they find Contempt: haste.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

*Enter, Arcashia, Nycea with Tapers Sophonisba in
her night attyre followed by Zanthia.*

So. Watch at the dors: and till we be reposit
Let no one enter: *Zanthia* vndoe me.
Za. With this motto vnder your girdle
You had bin vndone if you had not bin vndone humblest seruice.
So. I wonder *Zanthia* why the custome is
To vse such *Ceremonie* such strict shape
About vs women: forsooth the Bride must steale
Before her Lord to bed: and then delaies
Long expectations all against knowne wishes
I hate these figures in locution
These about phrases forc'd by *ceremonie*
We must still seeme to flie what we most seeke
And hide our selues from that we faine would find vs
Let those that thinke and speake and doe iust actes
Know forme can giue no vertue to their actes
Nor detract vice.
Za. 'las faire Princes, those that are strongly form'd
And truly shapt may naked walke, but we
We things call'd women, onely made for show
And pleasure, created to beare children
And play at shuttle-coke, we imperfect mixtures
without respectiue *ceremonie vs'd*
And euer complement, alas what are we?
Take from vs formall custome and the curtesies

B

Which

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

Which ciuill fashion hath still vs'd to vs.

We fall to all contempt, O women how much

How much are you beholding to *Ceremony,*

So. You are familiar. *Zanthea* my shooe,

Za. Tis wonder Madam you treade not awry.

So. Your reason *Zanthea.* *Za.* You goe very high.

So. Harke, Musicke, Musicke.

The Ladies lay the Princes in a faire bed, and close
the curtaines whilst *Massinissa* Enters.

Ni. The Bridgrome. *Arca.* The Bridgrome

So. Hast good *Zanthea,* helpe, keepe yet the dores

Za. Faire fall you Lady, so, admit admit.

Enter Foure boyes antiquely attiered with bows and quiuers
dauncing to the *Corners,* a phantastique measure, *Massi-*
nissa in his night gowne led by *Asdruball* and
Hanno followed by *Bytheas* and *Iugurth,* the
boyes draw the Curtaines discou-
ring *Sophonisba* to whom
Massinissa speakes.

Ma. You powers of ioy : Gods of a happie bed.

Show you are pleas'd, sister and wife of *Ioue*

High fronted *Iuno* and thou *Carthage* Patron

Smooth chind *Appollo,* both giue modest heat:

And temperat graces.

Mass. draws a white ribbon forth of the
bedas from the waste of *Sopho.*

Maf. Loe I vnloose thy waste

She that is iust in loue is Godlike chaste: *Io to Hymen.*

Cherus with cornets, *Organ,* and voices. *Io to Hymen.*

So. A modest silence tho'te be thought

A virgins beautie and hir highest honor

Though bashfull fainings nicely wrought

Grace hir that vertue takes not in, but on hir.

What I dare thinke I boldly speake:

After my word my well bold action rusbeth

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

In open flame then passion breake

Where *Vertue* prompts, thought word, act neuer blusheth,
Reuenging Gods whose Marble hands

Crush faithlesse men with a confounding terror
Giue me no mercy if these bands

I couet not with an vnfained feruor
Which zealous vow when ought can force me t'lame
Load with that plague *Atlas* would groane at, shame. *Io to Hime.*

Chorus. Io to Hymen.

Asdr. Liue both high parents of so happy birth
Your stemms may touch the skies and shaddow earth
Most great in fame more great in vertue shining
Prosper O powers a iust, a strong diuining. *Io to Hymen.*

Chorus. Io to Hymen.

Enter Carthalo his sword drawne, his body wounded, his
shield strucke full of darts: *Massin.* being
reddy for bedde.

Car. To bold harts Fortune, be not you amazd
Carthage O *Carthage*: be not you amazd.

Ma. Ioue made vs not to feare, resolute, speake out
The highest misery of man is doubt: Speake *Carthalo*.

Car. The stooping Sun like to some weaker Prince
Let his shads spread to an vnnaturall hugeness
When we the campe that lay at *Viica*
From *Carthage* distant but fiue easie leagues
Discride from of the watch three hundred saile
Vpon whose tops the *Roman* Eagles streachd
Their large spread wings, which fan'd the euening ayre
To vs cold breath, for well we might discerne
Rome swam to *Carthage*.

Asd. *Hanniball* our ancor is come backe, thy slight *Hann* returned
Thy Stratagem to lead warre vnto *Rome* *Romans*
To quite our selues, hath taught now desperat *Rome* *shack*
T'assaile our *Carthage*, Now the warre is here. *Carth*

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

Ma. He is nor bleſſd nor honeſt that can feare.

Ha. I but to caſt the worſt of our diſtreſſe. - -

Ma. To doubt of what ſhall be is wretchedneſſe

Deſer, Feare, and Hope, receaue no bond

By whom, we in our ſelues are neuer but beyond. *On.*

Car. Th'allarum beates neceſſitie of fight

Th'vnſober euening drawes out reeling forces

Souldiers halfemen, who to their colors troupe

With fury, not with valor : whiſt our ſhips

Vnrigd, vnufd, fitter for fier then water

We ſaue in our bard hauen from ſurpriſe.

By this our army marcheth toward the ſhore,

Vndisciplind young men moſt bold to doe

If they knew how, or what, when we diſcrie

A mightie duſt beate vp with horſes houes

Straight Roman enſignes glitter : *Scipio.*

Aſd. Scipio.

Car. *Scipio* aduaunced like the God of blood

Leads vp grim *war,* that father of foule wounds

Whoſe ſinowy feete are ſteepd in gore, whoſe hideous voice

Makes turrets tremble, and whole Citties ſhake

Before whoſe browes flight and diſorder hurry

With whom March *Burnings, murder, wrong, waſte, & apo-*

Behind whom a ſad traine is ſcene, *Woe, Feares*

Tortures, Leane, Neede, Famine, and helpleſſe teares

Now make we equall ſtand in mutuall vew

We iudg'd the *Romans* 18. thouſand foote

5000. Horſe, we almoſt doubled them

In number not in vertue : yet in heate

Of youth and wine iolly and full of bloud.

We gaue the ſigne of battle : ſhouts are raiſd

That ſhooke the heauens : *Pell Mell* our armys ioyne

Horſe, targets, pikes all againſt each appoſd

They giue fierce ſhoke, arms thundred as they cloſd

Men couer earth which ſtraight are cowered

With men and earth : yet doubtfull ſtood the fight

More faire to *Carthage* ; when loe as oft you ſee

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

In mines of gold, when laboring slaues delue out
The richest ore, being in suddaine hope
With some vnlookt for vaine to full their buckets
And send huge treasure vp, a suddaine damp
Stifles them all, their hands yet stuffd with gold
So fell our fortunes for looke as yee stood proud
As hopefull victors, thinking to returne
With spoiles worth triumph, wrathfull *Sypha* lands
With full ten thousand strong *Numidian* horse
And ions to *Scipio*, then loe we all were damp't
We fall in glusters and our wearied troups
Quit all: slaughter ran throw vs straight, we flie
Romans pursue, but *Scipio* sounds retraite
As fearing traines and night: we make amaine
For *Carthage* most, and some for *Vtica*
All for our liues: new force, fresh armes with speed
You haue said truth of all: no more. I bleede.
By. O wretched fortune. *Ma*. Old Lord spare thy hayres
What dost thou thinke baldnesse will cure thy greefe
What decree the *Senate*?

Enter Gello with Commissions in his hand seald.

Gelo. Aske old *Gello* who returnes from them
Informd with fullest charge strong *Asdruball*
Great *Massinissa* *Carthage* Generall
So speakes the *Senate*: Counsell for this warre
In *Hanno magnus*, *Bytheas*, *Carthalon*.
And vs *Gello* rests: Imbrace this charge
You neuer yet dishonord. *Asdruball*
High *Massinissa* by your voves to *Carthage*
By God of great-men *Glory*; fight for *Carthage*
Ten thousand strong *Massulians* readie troupt
Expect their King, double that number waites
The leading of loud *Asdruball*; beate lowde
Our *Affrike* drummes, and whil'st our o're-toild foe
Snores on his unlacd cask, all faint though proud
Through his successfull fight strike fresh allarmes
Gods are not if they grace not bold iust armes.

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

Mass. Carthage thou straight shalt know
Thy faoures haue beene done vnto a king.

Exit with Asdruball and the Page.

Soph. My Lordst, is most vnusuall such sad haps
Of suddeine horror, should intrude mong beds
Of soft and priuate loues; but strange euent
Excuse strāge form's. O you that know our blood
Reuenge if I doe faine: I here protest
Though my Lord leaue his wife a very mayde,
Euen this night instead of my soft armes
Clasping his well strong lims with glossfull steele,
Whats safe to Carthage shall be sweete to me.
I must not, nor I am once ignorant
My choyse of loue hath giuen this suddein dāger
To yet strong Carthage: t'was I lost the fight,
My choice vext Syphax inrag'd Syphax struk
Armes fate: yet Sophonisba not repents,

O we were Gods if that we knew euent.

But let me Lord leaue Carthage, quit his virtue
I will not loue him, yet must honor him,
As still good Subjects must badd Princes: Lords
From the most ill-grac'd Hymene all bedde
That euer Iuno frown'd at, I intreat
That you'le collect from our loose form'd speach
This firme resolute: that no loe Appetite
Of my sex weaknes, can or shall orecome
Due gratefull seruice vnto you, or virtue.
Witnesse ye Gods I neuer vntill now
Repin'd at my creation; now I wish
I were no woman, that my armes might speake
My hart to Carthage; but in vaine, my tongue
Sweares I am woman still: I talke to long.

Cornets a march. Enter two Pages with targets
and Iauelin two Pages with torches.

Massinissa arm'd a cape a pee.

Asdruball

arm'd.

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

Ma. Ye Carthage Lords: know *Massinissa* knowes
Not only terms of honor: but his actions
Nor must I now inlarge how much my cause
Hath dangerd *Carthage* but how I may show
My selfe most prest to satisfaction

The loathsome staine of Kings: *Ingratitude*
From me O much befarre; and since this torrent
Warres rage admits no Ancor: since the billow
Is risen so high we may not hull but yeelde
This ample state to stroke of speedy swords

What you with sober hast hath well decreed
Weele put to suddaine armes: no not this night
These dainties this first fruits of nuptials
That well might giue excuse for feeble lingrings
Shall hinder *Massinissa*. *Appetite*

Kisses, loues, dalliance and what softer ioyes
The *Venus* of the pleasingst ease can minister

I quit you all: *Vertue* perforce is *Vice*
But he that may, yet holds, is manly wise

Loe then ye Lords of *Carthage*, to your trust
I leaue all *Massinissas* treasure by the oath
Of right good men stand to my fortune iust.

Most hard it is for great hearts to mistrust.

Car. We vow by all high powers. *Ma.* No doe not sweare,
I was not borne so small to doubt or feare.

So. Worthy my Lord. *Ma.* Peace my cares are Steele
I must not heare thy much inticing voice.

So. By *Massinissa*, *Sophonisba* speakes

Worthy his wife: goe with as high a hand
As worth can reare, I will not stay my Lord
Fight for our country, vent thy youthfull heate
In field not beds, the fruite of honor *Fame*
Be rather gotten then the oft disgrace

Of haplesse parents, children, goe best man
And make me proud to be a foldiers wife
That valews his renoune aboue faint pleasures
Thinke euery honor that doth grace thy sword
Trebbles my loue: by thee I haue no lust

But

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

But of thy glory: best lights of heauen with thee
Like wonder stand, or fall, so though thou die
My fortunes may be wretched, but not I.
Maf. Wondrous creature, euen fit for Gods not men
Nature made all the rest of thy faire sex
As weake essaies, to make thee a patterne
Of what can be in woman. Long Farewell.
Hees sure vnconquer'd in whom thou dost dwell
Carthage Palladium. See that glorious lampe
Whose liffull presence giueth suddaine flight
To phansies, fogs, feares, sleepe, and slothfull night
Spreads day vpon the world: march swift amaine
Fame got with losse of breath is godlike gaine.

The Ladies draw the curtaines about *Sophonisba*,
the rest accompany *Massinissa* forth, the
Cornets and *Organs* playing loud
full Musicke for the Act.

Actus Primi.

FINIS.

Actus Secundi.

Scena Prima.

Whil'st the Musicke for the first Act soundes *Hanno*, *Carthalo*, *Bytheas*, *Gelosso* enter: They place themselues to
Counsell, *Gisco* th' impoisoner waiting on them, *Hanno*,
Carthalo, and *Bytheas*, setting their hands
to a writing, which being offer'd to
Gelosso, he denies his hand, and
as much offended impati-
ently starts vp and
speakes.

Gelosso,

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

Gelasso. Hanno. Bytheas. Carthalo.

GEL. My hand? my hand? rotte first, wither in aged shame
Han. Wil you be so vnseasonably wood?

Bye. Hold such prepotterous zeale as stand against
the full decree of Senate? all think fitte.

Car. Nay most vneuitable necessarie
For Carthage safty, and the now sole good
Of present state, that wee must breake all faith
With *Massinissa*: whilst he fights abroad
Lets gaine backe *Syphax*, making him our owne
By giuing *Sophonisba* to his bed.

Han. *Syphax* is *Massinissas* greater, and his force
Shall giue more side to *Carthage*; as fors queene
And her wise father, they loue *Carthage* fate,

Profit, and Honesty, are one in state.

Gel. And what decrees our very vertuous senate
Of worthy *Massinissa* that now fightes
and (leauing wife and bed) bleeds in good armes
For right old *Carthage*? **Car.** Thus tis thought fit
Hir father *Asdruball* on sudeine shall take in
Reuolted *Siphax*; so with doubled strength
Before that *Massinissa* shall suspect,
Slaughter boeth *Massinissa* and his troupes,
And likewise strike with his deepe stratagem
A sudeine weaknes into *Scipios* armes,
By drawing such alim from the maine body
Of his yet powerfull armie: which being don
Dead *Massinissas* kingdom we decree
To *Sophonisba* and great *Asdruball*
For their consent, so this swift plot shall bring
Two crowns to hir, make *Asdruball* a king.

Gel. So first faithes breach, adultery, murder, theft,

Car. What els? **Gel.** Nay all is don no mischeif left

Car. Pish prosperous successe giues blackest actions glory,
The means are vnremembered in most story. ✓

Gel. Let me not say Gods are not. **Car.** This is fit

C

Conquest



The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

Conquest by bloud is not so sweet as wit,
For how so ere nice vertue censures of it,
He hath the grace of warre, that hath wars profit.
But Carthage well aduise, that states comes on,
With slow aduice, quicke execution,
Haue here an Engineere long bred for plots,
Cal'd an impoisoner, who knows this found excuse,
*The onely dew that makes men sprout in Courtes, is use,
Be't well or ill, his thrift is to be mute,
Such slaues must aēt commands, and not dispute.
Knowing foule deedes with danger do begin
But with rewardes do end: Sin is no sin.
But in respects.--*

Gel. Politique Lord, speake low tho heauen beares
A face far from vs, Gods haue most long eares,
Ione has a hundred marble marble hands

Car. O I, in Poetrie or Tragique sceane.

Gel. I feare Gods onely know what Poets mean.

Car. Yet heare me: I will speake close truth and
Nothing in Nature is vnseruifable, (cease,

No, not euen *Inuility* it selfe,
Is then for nought dishonesty in beeing;
And if it be somtimes of forced vse,

Wherein more vrgent then in sawing nations
State shapes are soderd vp, with base, nay faulty

Yet necessary functions; some must lie,
Some must betray, some murder, and some all,
Each hath strong vse, as poyson in all purges
Yet when some violent chance shall force a state,
To breake giuen faith, or plot some stratagemes,
Princes ascribe that vile necessity

Vnto Heauens wrath: and sure tho't be no vice;
Yet t'is bad chance: states must not stick to nice

For *Massinissas* death sence bids forgiue:
Beware to offend greate men and let them liue:

For tis of empires body the mayne arme,
He that will do no good shall doe no harme: yow haue my mind:

Gel. Although a stagelike passion & weake heate

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

Full of an empty wording might sute age
 Know Ile speake strongly truth: Lordes neere
 That he who'le not betray a private man (mistrust
 For his country, will neer betray his country
 For private men; then giue *Geloso* faith
 If treachery in state be seruiceable,
 Let hangmen doe it: I am bound to loose
 My life but not my honour for my country;
 Our vow, our faith, our oath, why th'are our selue
 And he thats faithlesse to his proper selfe,
 May be excusd if he breake faith with princes:
 The Gods asist just hearts, & states that trust,
 Plots before *Prudence* are tost like dust.
 For *Masiniſſa*: (O let me slake a little
 Austere discourse and cell *Humanitie*)
 Me thinks I heare him cry. O fight for *Carthage*;
 Charge home, wounds smart not, for that so just so
 So good a City: me thinks I see him yet (great
 Leauē his faire bride euen on his nuptiall night
 To buckle on his armes for *Carthage*: Harke-
 Yet, yet, I heare him cry-- *Ingratitude*
 Vile staine of man. O ouer be most far
 From *Masiniſſas* breast: vp, march amaine,
 Fame got with losse of breath, is godlike gaine.
 And see by this he bleedes in doubtfull fight:
 And cries for *Carthage*, whilst *Carthage*-- *Memory*
 Forsake *Geloso*, would I could not think:
 Nor heare, nor see, When *Carthage* is
 So infinitely vile: see see looke here,

Cornets. Enter two *ſſhers.* *Sophonisba.* *Zanthia.* *Arcasbia.* *Hanno*
Bysheas and *Carthalo* presens *Sophonisba* with a paper,
 which shee hauing perused, after a
 short silence speaks

Who speaks? what mute? fair plot: what? blush to breake it?
 How lewd to act when so sham'd but to speake it.

So. Is this the *Senates* firme decrees *Car.* *It is.*

The Tragedy of *Sophonisba*.

Sopho. Is this the Senates firme decree? *Car.* It is

Sopho. Hath *Syphax* entertaind the stratagem?

Car. No doubt he hath, or will. *So.* My answers
Whats safe to *Carthage*, shall be sweet to me (thus,

Car. Right worthy *Ha.* Roialest *Ge.* O very wo

So. But tis not safe for *Carthage* to destroy, (man!

Be most vniust, cunninglie politique,

Your heads still vnder Heauen, O trust to fate,

Gods prosper more a iust then crafty state.

Tis lesse disgrace to haue a pitied losse

Then shamefull victory. *Ge.* O very Angel!

So. We all haue sworne good *Massinisa* faith,

Speach makes vs men, and thers no other bond

Twixt man and man, but words: O equall Gods

Make vs oncę know the consequence of vowes--

Ge. And wee shall hate faith-breakers worse then man-eaters.

So. Ha! good *Gelsois* thy breath not here?

Ge. You doeme wrong as long as I can die,

Doubt you that old *Gelasso* can be vile?

Statesmay afflict, tax, orture, but our mindes

Are oñly sworne to *Ioue*: I greiue and yet am proud

That I alone am honest: high powers you know

Virtue is seldom seene with troupes to goe.

So. Excellent man *Carthage* & *Rome* shall fall

Before thy fame: our Lords know I the worst.

Car. The Gods foresaw, tis fate we thus are forc'd.

So. *Gods naught foresee, but see, for to their eyes*

Naught is to come, or past, Nor are you vile

Because the Gods foresee: *for Gods and We*

See as thinges are things are not, for we see

But since affected wisdom in vs Women.

Is our sex highest folly: I am silent,

I cannot speake lesse well, vnlesse I were

More void of goodnesse: Lordes of *Carthage*, thus.

The ayre and earth of *Carthage* owes my body,

It is their seruant; what decree they of it?

Car. That you remoue to *Cirta*, to the pallace

Of well form'd *Syphax*, who with longing eyes

Mectes you: he that giues way to *Fate* is wise..

The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

So. I goe: what power can make me wretched? what
Is there in life to him, that knowes lifes losse (euill
To be no euill: show, show thy vglyest brow
O most blacke chaunce: make me a wretched story
Without misfortune Vertue hath no glorie
Opposed trees makes tempests show their power
And waues forc'd back by rocks maks *Neptune* tower
Tearelesse O see a miracle of life
A maide, a widdow, yet a haplesse wife.

audacity
strength
in face
of
disaster

Cornets. *Sopho.* accompanied with the Senators depart,
only *Gelosso* stais.

Ge. A prodegy! let nature run crosse legd
Ops goe vpon thy head, let *Neptune* burne
Cold *Saturne* cracke with heate for now the world
Hath scene a *Woman*:

Leape nimble lightning from *Iones* ample shield
And make at length, an end, the proud hot breath
Of thee contemning *Greatnesse*, the huge drought
Of sole selfe louing vast *Ambition*.

Th'vnnaturall scorching heate of all those lamps
Thou reard'st to yeeld a temperate fruitfull heat
Relentlesse rage whose hart hath no one drop
Of humane pittie: all all loudly cry
Thy brand O *Ioue*, for know the world is dry
O let *A generall end* saue *Carthage* fame
When worlds doe burne vnseens a *Citties* flame.

Phœbus in me is great: *Carthage* must fall
Ioue has all vice but *vows* breach worst of all. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda. *Cornets* sound a charge: Enter *Massinissa* in his
gorget and shert, shield, sword, his arme transfixt with a dart
Iugurth followes with his curaes and caske.

Mas. Mount vs againe, giue vs another horse

Iug. Vncle your blood flows fast, pray ye withdraw

Mas. O *Iugurth* I cannot bleed too fast. too much

For that so great, so iust so royall *Carthage*

My wound smarts not, bloods losse maks me not faint.

The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

For that lou'de Citty, O Nephew let me tell thee,
How good that *Carthage* is: it nourishde me,
And when full time gaue me fit strength for loue,
The most adored creature of the citty.
To vs before great *Syphax* did they yeeld,
Faire, noble, inodest, and boue all, my,
My *Sophonisba*, O *Iugurth* my strength doubles
I know not how to turne a coward, drop
In feeble basenes, I cannot: giue me horse,
Know I am *Carthage* very creature, and I am graced,
That I may bleed for them: giue me fresh horse.
Iug. He that doth publike good for multitude,
Finges few are truely gratefull,
Mas. O *Iugurth*, sic you must not say so, *Iugurth*,
Some common weales melt at a noble hart,
Too forward bleeds abroad and bleed bemand,
But not reuengd at home, but *Carthage*, sic
It cannot be vngrate, faithles through feare,
It cannot *Iugurth*: *Sophonisba's* there,
Beat a fresh charge.

Enter Asdrubal his sword drawne reading a letter Gisco follows him

Asd. Sound the retraite, respect your health braue Prince,
The waste of blood throw's palenes on your face,

Ma. By light, my harts not pale: O my lou'd father,
We bleed for *Carthage* Balsum to my woundes,
We bleede for *Carthage*: shals festure the fight?
My Squadron of *Mallulians* yet stands firme.

Asd. The day lookes off from *Carthage* cease allarms

A modest temperance is the life of armes,
Take our best surgeon *Gisco*, he is sent
From *Carthage* to attend your chance of warre,

Gis. We promise sudden ease. *Ma.* Thy cōforts good

Asd. That nothing can secure vs but thy blood:

Infuse it in his wound, t'will worke amaine,

Gis. O *Ioue*, *Asd.* What *Ioue*? thy God must be thy gain

And as for me.

Apollo Pythean

Thou

The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

Thou know'st, a statift must not be a man.

Exit Adm.

Enter Geloffa disguised like an olde soldier, deliuering to Massiniffa (as he preparing to be dressed by Gisco) a letter which Massiniffa reading, Starts and speaks to Gisco.

Ma. Forbeare, how art thou cald? Gi. Gisco my Lord.

Maf. Vm, Gisco, ha, touch not mine arme, most onely man,
to Geloffo.

Sirra, sirra, art poore? Gi. not poore. Ma. Nephew comānd
Massiniffa begins to drawe.

Our troupes of horse make indisgracde retraite,
Trot casie off: not poore: Ingurth giue charge,
My souldiers stand in square battalia, *Exit Ingurth.*
Intirely of themselues: Gisco th'art old,

Tis time to leaue off murder, thy faint breath,
Scarce heaues thy ribs, thy gummy bloud-shut eyes,
Are sunke a great way in thee, thy lanke skinne,
Slides from thy fleshlessh veines: be good to men,
Iudge him yee Gods, I had not life to kill

So base a Creature, hold Gisco () line,
The God-like part of Kings is to forgieue,
Gif. Command astonishd Gisco. Maf. No returne.
Haste vnto Carthage: quit thy abiect feares,
Massiniffa knowes no vse of murderers:

Enter Ingurth amazed, his sword drawne.

Speake, speake, let terror strike slaves mute.
Much danger makes great hartes most resolute,
Ing. Vnkle I feare foule armes, my selfe beheld,
Sypbax on high speed run his well breathde horse,
Direct to Cirra that most beauteous Citty,
Of all his kingdome: whilst his troupes of horse
With careles trot pace gently toward our campe,
As friendes to Carthage, stand on guard deere vnckle-
For Asdrubal with yet his well rankt armie,
Bends a deepe threatning brow to vs as if,

He

The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

He waited but to ioyne with *Syphax* horse
And hew vs all to peeces : O my King
My Vncle, Father, Captaine O ouer *All*
Stand like thy selfe or like thy selfe now fall
Thy troups yet hold good ground : Vnworthy
Betray not *Massinissa*. *Ma.* *Iugurth* pluck (wounds
Pluck, so, good cuz. *Iug.* O God doe you not feele?
Maf. Not *Iugurth* no, now all my flesh is steele.
Gela. Of base disguise : *High lights* scorne not to vew
A true old man : vp *Massinissa* throw
The lot of battle vpon *Syphax* troups
Before he ioyne with *Carthage* : then amaine
Make through to *Scipio*, he yeelds safe abods
Spare treacherie, and strike the very Gods.
Maf. Why wast thou borne at *Carthage*, O my fate
Diuine *Sophonisba* ! I am full
Of much complaint, and many passions,
The least of which expresd would sad the Gods
And strike compassion in most ruthlesse hell
Vp vnmaidnd hart spend all thy greefe and rage
Vpon thy foe : the fields a soldiers stage
On which his action shows : If you are iust
And hate those that contemne you, O you Gods
Reuenge worthy your anger, your anger, O,
Downe man, vp hart, stoup *Ioue* and bend thy chin
To thy large brest, giue signeth'art pleasd, and iust
Swear, good mens forheads must not print the dust
Exeunt.

*Scena Tertia. Enter Asdruball, Hanno,
Bytheas.*

As. What *Carthage* hath decreed, *Hanno* is done
Aduanced and borne was *Asdruball* for state
Onely with it his faith, his loue, his hate
Are of one peece : were it my daughters life
That fate hath song to *Carthage* fatetic brings
What deed so red but hath beene done by Kings ?

Ephigia.

title back
The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

Ephigonia, he thats a man for men,
Ambitious as a God, must like a God
Live cleare from passions, his full aim deat end
Immence to others, sole selfe to comprehend
Round in's own globe, not to bee claps'd but holds
Within him all, his hart being of more foldes
Then sheeld of *Telamon* not to be peirc'd tho struck
The God of wisemen is themselues, not lucke.

Enter Gisco. See him by whom now *Massinissa* is not
Cisco's done? *Gis.* Your pardon worthy Lord,
It is not don, my heart sunke in my breast,
His virtue maz'd me, faintnes seald me all,
Some Gods in Kinges that will not let them fall.

As. His virtue maz'd thee, (vm) why now I see
Thart that iust man that hath true touch of blood,
Of pittie and soft pietie: Forgiue?

Yes honour thee, wee did it but to trye
What sense thou hadst of blood: goe *Bysheas*
Take him into our priuate treasurie
And cut his throate, the slaue hath all betraide.

By. Are you assured? *As.* A feard for this I know
Who thinketh to buy villany with golde,
Shall ener find such faith so boug't so solde.
Reward him thorowly.

Aboute the Cornets giving a flourish.

Han. What meanes this flourish?

Asd. *Hanno* tis don: *Scyphax* revolt by this
Hath secur'd Carthage: and now his force come in
And ioynde with vs giue *Massinissa* charge,
And assur'd slaughter: O ye powers forgiue,
Through rottenst dung best plâts both sprout & liue
By blood vines grow. *Ha.* But yet thinke *Asdruball*
Tis fit at least you beare greefes outward showe,
It is your kinsman bleedes: what neede men knowe
Your hand is in his wounds, tis well in state,
To doe close ill; but voide a publique hate.

The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

Asd. Tush *Hanno* let me prosper let routs prate,
My power shall force their silence or my hate.
Shall skorne their idle malice: men of waight
Know, he that feares enuy let him cease to raigne,
The peoples hate to some hath bin their gaine,
For howso ere a Monarke faines his partes,
Steale anie thing from Kinges but subieets hartes.

Enter Carthalo leading in bound Gelloso.

Ca. Gard, gard the campe, make to the trench stand
As. The Gods of boldnes with vs, how runs chance?
Ca. Think, think how wretched thou canst be, thou art,
Short wordes shall speake long woes: *Ge.* marke *Asdruball.*
Ca. Our bloody plot to *Massinissas* care
Vntimely by this Lord was all betraide.
Ge. By me, it was, by mee vile *Asdruball*,
Iioy to speakt. *As.* Downe slaue. *Ge.* I cannot fall.
Car. Our traines disclofd, straight to his well vsde armes
He tooke himselfe, rose vp with all his force,
On *Syphax* careles troupes (*Syphax* beeing hurried
Before to *Cirta* feareles of successe
impatient *Sophonisba* to inioy.)
Gelloso rides to head of all our squadrons
Commandes make stand in thy name *Asdruball*,
In mune, in his, in all: duli rest our men,
Whilst *Massinissa* now with more then fury,
Chargeth the loose and much amazed ranks,
Of absent *Syphax*: who with broken shoute,
(In vaine expecting *Carthage* secondings)
Giue faint repulse: a second charge is giuen
Then looke as when a Fawcon towrs aloft
Whole shoales of foule and flocks of lesser birdes,
Crouch fearefully and diue some among sedge,
Some creepe in brakes: so *Massinissas* sword
Brandisht aloft, toss'd bout his shining cask,
Made stoope whole squadrons, quick as thought he strikes,
Here hurles he darter: and there his rage strong arme,
Fights foote to foote: heere cryes he strike: they sinke

And

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

And then grim slaughter followes, for by this
As men betraide, they curse vs, dye, or flye, or both
Of ten fixe thousand fell: Now was I come
And straight percead all Bled by his vile plot.

Ge. Vile? good plot, my good plot *Asdruball.*

Ca. I forced our army beat a running march,
But *Massinissa* strooke his spurs apace

Vpon his speedy horse, leaues slaughtering
All flye to *Scipio* who with open ranks

In view receaues them: All I could effect

Was but to gaine him. *As. Dye. Ge. Do what thou can,*
Thou canst but kill a weake old honest man.

Car. scipio and Massinissa by this strike (*Gelloso departs guarded*

Their clasped palmes, then vow an endles loue,
straight a ioynt shoute they raise, then turne they breastes

Direct on vs march strongly toward our campe

As if they darde vs fight, O *Asdruball.*

I feare theile force our campe, *As. Breake vp and flye,*

This was your plot, *Ha. But t'was thy shame to choose it.*

Car. He that forbids not offence he dos it.

As. The curse of womens wordes go vvith you: fly,

You are no villaines, Gods and men, vvich vvay?

A duise vile thinges. *Ha. Vile? As. I. Ca. Not? By. you did al*

As. Did you not plot? Car. Yelled not Asdruball?

As. But you intic'd me, Ha. Howv? As With hope of place.

Car. He that for vvealth leaues faith is abiect. Ha. base

As. Do not prouoke my svvord, I liue. Ca. More shame.

T'out liue thy virtue and thy once great name.

As. Vpbraide yee me? Ha. Hold. Car. Knovv that only thou
Art treacherous: thou shouldst haue had a crowne.

Ha. Thou didst all, all he for vvhome mischiefes don

He dos it. *Asd. -- Brode skorne oppen faind p'ouers*

Make good the campe, no, fly, yes, vvhat? vvild rage,

To be a prosperous villane yet some heate some hold,

But to burne temples and yet freefe, O cold,

Giue me some health, now your bloud sinke: thus deedes

Unnourish; rot, without loue naught succedes. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundi. Finis.

The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

Organ mixt with Recorders for this Act.

Actus Tertii, Scena Prima.

Syphax his dagger twon about her haire drags in *Sophonisba* in hir nightgowne petticoate and *Zanthia* & *Vaugue* following.

Sy. Must wee intreat? sue to such squeamish eares,
Know *Syphax* has no knees, his eyes no teares,
Inraged loue is senseles, of remorse,
Thou shalt, thou must. Kings glory is their force.
Thou art in *Certa*, in my Pallace Foole
Dost thinke he pittieith teares, that knowes to rule.
For all thy scornfull eyes thy proud disdain,
And late contempt of vs now weele reuenge,
Breake stubborne scilence: looke Ile tack thy head
To the low earth, whilst strenght of too black knaues,
Thy limbes all wide shall straine: praier fitteth slaues.
Our courtship bee our force: rest calme as sleepe,
Els at this quake, harke, harke, wee cannot weepe.
So. Can *Sophonisba* bee inforc'd? *Sy.* Can? see.
So. Thou maiest inforce my body but not mee. (*armes*)
Sy. Not? *So.* No. *Sy.* No? *So.* No off with thy loathed
That lye more heauy on me then the chaines,
That weare deepe wrinckles in the captiues limbes
I do beseech thee. *Sy.* What? *So.* Be but a beast,
Be but a beast. *Sy.* Do not offend a power
Can make thee more then wretched: yeelde to him
To whome fate yeeldes: Know *Massinissa* dead,
So. dead? *Sy.* dead, *So.* To Gods of good men shame
Sy. Help *vaugue* my strong blood boiles. *So.* O saue
thine owne (yet) fame.
Sy. All appetite is deafe, I will I must.
Achilles armour could not beare out lust.
So. Hold thy strong arme and heare my *Syphax* know;
I am thy seruant now: I needes must loue thee

For

The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

For (O my sex forgiue) I must confesse,
Wee not affect protesting feeblenes.
Intreats faint blushings, tumerous modesty,
We thinke our louer is but little man,
Who is so full of woman: Know faire Prince
Loues strongest armes not rude: for we still prouie
Without some fury thers no ardent loue,
We loue our loues impatience of delay,
Our noble sex was onely borne t'obay
To him that dares commaund. *Sy.* Why this is well.
Th'excuse is good: wipe thy faire eyes our Queene,
Make proud thy head now feele: more friendly strength
Of thy Lordes arme: come touch my rougher skin,
With thy soft lip *Zanobia* dresse our bed,
Forget ould loues and clip him that through blood,
And hell acquit's his With thinke not but kisse,
The flourish fore loues fight is *Venus* blisse.
So. Great dreadfull Lord by thy affection
Grant mee one boone, know I haue made a vow,
Sy. Vow: what vow? *So.* Nay if you take offence:
Let my soule suffer first and yet. *Sy.* offence?
Not *Sophonisba*, hold, thy vow is free,
As:-----come thy lips. *So.* Alas crosse misery
As I do wish to liue / long to inioy,
Your warme imbrace, but O my vow tis thus,
If euer my Lord died I vowed to him,
A most, most priuate sacrifice, before
I touched a second spouse: all I implore.
Is but this liberty: *Sy.* This? goe obtaine
What time? *So.* One hower. *Sy.* sweet, good speed speed
Yet *Syphax* trust no more then thou maist view. (*adew*
Vangue shall stay *So.* He stayes.

vow of sacrifice

Enter a Page deliuering a letter to *Sopha*. which shee
priuately reads.

Sy. *Zambua, Zanobia*

Thou art not foule, go to, some Lords are oft

The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

So much in loue with their knowne Ladyes bodies,
That they oft loue their vails, hold, hold thou'lt find;
To faithfull care Kinges bounty hath no shore,
Za. You may do much. *Sy.* But let my gold do more.
Za. I am your creature. *Sy.* Bec, get, tis no staine
The God of seruice is howeuer gaine. *Exit.*
So. *Zantbia*, where are we now? speak worth my seruice
Ha wee don well? *Za.* Nay in haight of best.
I feard a superstitious vertue woulde spoile all,
But now I finde you aboue women rare,
Shee that can time her goodnesse hath true care
Of hir best good. Nature at home begins
She whose integritye her selfe hurts finnes.
For *Massinissa*, hee was good and so,
But hee is dead, or worse, distressed, or more
Then dead, or much distressed; O sad, *poore*
Who euer held such friendes: no let him goe
Such faith is praisd, then laught at, for still knowe,
Those are the liuing women that reduce,
All that they touch vnto their ease and vse.
Knowing that wedlock, vertue or good names,
Are courses and varietyes of reason
To vse or leaue as they aduantage them.
And absolute within themselues repose,
Onely to *Greatnes* Ope, to all els close.
Weake sanguine fooles, are to their owne good nice
Before I held you vertuous but now wise.
So. *Zantbia* victorious *Massinissa* liues.
My *Massinissa* liues: O steddye powers
Keepe him as safe as heauen keepe the earth,
Which lookes vpon it with a thousand eyes,
That honest valiant man and *Zantbia*,
Doe but recorde the iustice of his loue,
And my for euer vowes, for ouer vowes,
Za. I true Madam: nay thinke of his great minde
His most iust heart his all of excellence
And such a vertue as the Gods might enuy
Againe this *Syphax* is but: --- and you know.

The Tragedy of Sophonisba

Paine lost what can be got that's good; for: So. hence
Take nay with one hand. *Za.* My seruice. *So.* Prepare
Our sacrifice. *Za.* But yeeld you, I or no?
So. Whē thou dost know. *Za.* what thē: *So.* then thou wilt know
Let him that would haue counsell voide th' aduice *Exi: Zauskia*
Of friendes made his with waighy benefites
Whose much dependance onely striues to fit
Humor not reason, and so still deuise
In any thought to make their friend seeme wise
But aboue all O feare a seruants tounge, ← *feare flattery*
Like such as onely for their gaine to serue
Within the vaste capacitye of place
I know no vilenes so most truly base.
Their Lordes, their gaine: and he that most will giue,
With him (they will not dye: but) they will liue.
Traitors and these are one: such slaues once trust
Whet swords to make thine own blood lick the dust,
Cornets and Organs playing full musick. Enters i the solemnity of a sacrifice, which being entred whilst the attendance furnish the Altar Sepko. Song: which don seee speaks.
Withdraw, withdraw. Al but Zauskia & Vanguē depart
I not inuoke thy arme thou God of sound
Nor thine, nor thine, although in all abound.
High powers immense: But *loziall Mercury*
And thou O brightest femall of the sky
Thrice modest *Phæbe*, you that iointly fit
A worthy chastity and a most chast witte
To you corruptles *Hunny*, and pure dewe
Vp breathes our holy fier. Words iust and few
O daine to heare if in poore wretches cryes
You glory not: if drops of withered eyes
Bee not your sport, bee iust: all that I craue
Is but chast life or an vntainted graue.
I can no more: yet hath my constant tounge
Let fall no weakenes, tho' my heart were wrung
VWith pangus worth hell: whilst great thoughts stop our tears
Sorrowe vnscene, vnpatred in ward wears.
You see now where I rest, come is my end.

The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

Cannot heauen, virtue, against weake chance defende,
VVhen weakenes hath outborne what weakenes can,
VVhat should I say tis Ioues, not sinne of man.
Some stratagem now let wits God be showne,
Celestial powers by miracles are knowne,
I hau't tis don. *Zanthis* prepare our bed
Vangue *Va.* Your seruant. *So.* *Vangue* we haue performd
Duerities vnto the dead,

Sopho: presents a carous to *Vangue* & & &.

Now to thy Lord great *Syphax* healthfull cups: which don,
The King is right much welcome.

Va. VVere it as deep as thought off it should thns--- he drinke
So. My safety with that draught.

Va. Close the vaults mouth least we do slip in drinke,

So. To what vse gentle *Negro* serues this caue

Whose mouth thus opens so familiarly,

Euen in the Kings bedchamber? *Va.* O my Queene

This vault with hideous darkenes and much length
stretcheth beneath the earth into a groue

One league from Cirta (I am very sleepey)

Through this when Cirta hath beeie strong begirt

VVith hostile siedge the King hath safely scaped

To, to, *So.* The wine is strong. *Va.* strong? *So.* *Zanthis*

Za. VVhat meanes my princes? *So:* *Zanthis* rest firme

And scilent, helpe vs: Nay do not dare refuse.

Za. The *Negros* dead. *So.* No drunke. *Za.* Alas, *So.* Too late,

Her hand is fearefull whose mindes desperate.

It is but sleepey *Opium* he hath drunke,

Helpe *Zanthis*, They lay *Vangue* in *Syphax* bed & draw the cur-

saines, there lye *Syphax* bride, a naked man is soone vndrest;

There bide dishonoured passion they knock within, forth-

with *Syphax* comes.

Sy. VVay for the King. *So.* Straight for the King: I flye

VVhere misery shall see nought but it selfe.

Deere *Zanthis* close the vault when I am sunk

And whilst he slips to bed escape be true

I can no more, come to me: Harke Gods, my breath (*scends*

Scornes to craue life graunt but a well famde death. *scende-*

Exor

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

Enter Syphax ready for bedd.

Sy. Each man withdraw, let not a creature stay
Within large distance. *Za.* Sir? *Sy.* hence *Zanthia*,
Not thou shalt heare, all stand without care-reach
Of the soft cries nice shrinking brides do yeeld
When--- *Za.* But Sir-- *Sy.* Hence-- stay, take thy delight
Thinke of thy joyes, and make long thy pleasures, (by steps,
O silence thou dost swallow pleasure right,
Wordes take avway some sence from our delight;
Musique: be proud my *Venus*, *Mercury* thy tong,
Cupid thy flame, boue all O *Hercules*
Let not thy backe be wanting: for now I leape
To catch the fruite none but the Gods should reap

Offering to leape into bed, he discovers Vangue.

Hah! can any woman turne to such a Diuell?
Or: or: *Vangue*, *Vangue*-- *Van.* Yes, yes. *Sy.* speake slaue,
How camst thou here? *Van.* Here? *Sy.* *Zanthia*, *Zanthia*,
Wher's *Sophonisba*? speake at full, at ful,
Giue me particular faith, for know thou art not----
Za. Your pardon just mou'd prince & priuat care
Sy. Ill actions have some grace, that they can feare
Va. How cam I laid? which way was I made druk?
Where an I? think, or is my state aduanc'd?

O Ioue how pleasant is it but to sleepe
In a kings bed! *Sy.* Sleepe there thy lasting sleep
Improuident, base, o're-thirsty slaue. (*Sy.* killes *Va.*
Dy pleaf'd a kings couch is thy too proud graue.
Through this vault sayst thou? *Za.* As you giue me grace
To liue, tis true. *Sy.* We will be good to *Zanthia*;
Go cheare thy Ladie, and be priuate to vs.

She descends after Sophonisba.

Za. As to my life. *Sy.* I'le vse this *Zanthia*,
And trust her as our dogs drin't dangerous *Nile*,
only for thirst, the *Flic* the *Crocodile*:
Wife *Sophonisba* knowes loues trickes of art,
Without much hindrance, pleasure hath no hart;
E Dispight.

The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

Dispight all vertue or weake plots I must
Seauen waled *Babell* cannot be: out lust

Descends through the vault.

*Scena Secunda. Cornets sound Marches. Enter Scipio and Lelius
with the complements of a Roman Generall before them,
As the other dore, Massinissa and Iugurth.*

Ma. Let not the vertue of the world suspect
Sad *Massinissas* faith: nor once cōdemne
Our just reuolt: *Carthage* first gaue me life,
Hir ground gaue food, hir aire first lent me breath

The Earth was made for men, not men for Earth.

Scipio I do not thank the Gods for life,
Much lesse vile men, or earth: know best of Lords,
It is a happy being breath well fam'd,
For which Ioue sees these thus; Men be not foold
With piety to place: traditions feare,

A iust mans contry Ioue makes eüery where.

Sci. Well vrgeth *Massinissa*, but to leaue
A Citie so ingrate, so faithlesse, so more vile
Then ciuill speach may name, fear not, such vice
To scourge is heauens most gratefull sacrifice.
Thus all confesse first they haue broke a faith.
To the most due, so just to be obseru'd
That barborousnes it selfe may well blush at them
Where is thy passiō? they haue shar'd thy crowne
Thy proper right of birth; contriu'd thy death.
Where is thy passion? giuen thy beauteous spouse.
To thy most hated riuall: statue, not man,
And last thy freind *Geloffo* (man worth Gods)
With tortures haue they rēt to death. *Ma.* O *Gel.*
For thee full eyes *Sci.* No passion for the rest.

Ma. O *Scipio* my greefe for him may be expressd.
But for the rest *silence* & secret anguish (by teares)
Shall wast: shall wast: -- *Scipio* he that can weepe,
Greeues not like me priuate deepe inward drops
Of bloud: my heart--for Gods rights giue me leaue:

To be a short tūne *Man.* *Sci.* stay prince. *Ma.* I cease,

Forgiue

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

Forgiue if I forget thy presence: *Scipio*
Thy face makes *Masiniſſa* more then man,
And here before your ſteddy power a vow
As firme as fate I make: when I deſiſt
To be commaunded by thy virtue, (*Scipio*)
Or fall from friend of *Romes*, reuenging Gods
Afflict me worth your torture: I haue giuen
Of paſſion and offaith my heart. *Sci.* To counſel
Greefe ſus weake hearts, reuenging virtue men. (then
Thus I thinke fit, before that *Syphax* know
How deeply *Carthage* ſinkes, lets beat ſwift march
Vp euen to *Cirta*, and whilſt *Syphax* ſnores
With his, late thine-- *Ma.* With mine? no *Scipio*,
Libea hath poyſon, aſpes, kniues, & to much earth
To make one graue, with mine? not, ſhe can dye,
Scipio, with mine? *Loue* ſay it thou doſt lie.
Sci. Temperance be *Scipios* honor. *Le.* Ceafe your
She is a woman. *Ma.* But ſhe is my wife. (*ſtrife*
Le. And yet ſhe is no god. *Ma.* And yet ſhe's
I do not prayſe Gods goodnes but adore. (more
Gods cannot fall, and for their conſtant goodneſſe
(Which is neceſſited) they haue a crowne
Of neuer ending pleaſures: but faint man
(Frand to haue his weaknes made the heauens glo-
If he with ſteddy vertue holdes all ſeidge ry)
That power, that ſpeech, that pleaſure, that full
A world of greatnes can aſſaile him with, (ſweets
Hauing no pay but ſelfe wept miſeric,
And beggars treaſure heapt, that man Ile prayſe
Aboue the Gods. *Sc.* The *Libean* ſpeakes bold
Ma. By that by which all is, *Proportion*, (ſenſe
I ſpeake with thought. *Sci.* No more. *Ma.* Forgiue my
You toucht a ſtring to which my ſenſe was quick, (admiration
Can you but thinke? doe, do; my greefe! my greefe
Would make a *Saint* blaſpheme: giue ſome releefe,
As thou art *Scipio* forgiue that I forget,
I am a Soldier; ſuch woes *Lones* ribs would burſt,
Few ſpeake leſſe ill that feele ſo much of worſt.

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

My care attends *Sci.* Before then *Syphax* ioinē
With new strength'd *Carthage*, or can once vnwind
His tangled sense from out so wild amaze
Fall we like suddēne lightning fore his eyes;
Boldnesse and speed are all of victories.

Ma. *Scipio*, let *Massinissa* clip thy knees;
May once these eyes vew *Syphax*? shall this arme
Once make him feele his slaue? O yee Gods
My cause, my cause! Iustice is so huge odds
That he who with it feares, Heauen must renounce
In his creatiō. *Sci.* Beat then a close quicke march
Before the morne shall shake cold dewes through skyes;
Syphax shall tremble at *Romes* thicke allarmes.

Ma. Yee powres I challenge conquest to just armes;
With a full flourish of Cornettes they depart.

Actus Tertii

FINIS.

Organs Violls and Voices
play for this Act.

Actus Quarti Scena Prima.

Enter Sophonisba and Zanthia as out of a caues mouth

So. Where are wee *Zanthia*? *Za.* *Vangue* said the caue
Op'ned in *Belos* Forrest. *So.* Lord how sweete
I sent the ayre? the huge longe vaultes close vaine,
What dumps it breathd? In *Belos* Forrest sayst?
Be valiant *Zanthia*; how farr's *Vtica*
From these most heauy shades? *Zan.* Ten easy leagues.
So. Thers *Massinissa*, my true *Zanthia*
Shals venture nobly to escape, and touch
My Lordes just armes: Loues winges so nimbly heauē
The body vp, that as our toes shall trip
Ouer the tender and obedient grasse,
Scarfe any drop of dew is dash't to ground.

And

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

And see the willing shade of friendly night
Makes safe our instant haste : Boldnesse and speede
Make actions most impossible succede.

Za. But Madam know the forrest hath no way
But one to passe the which holds strictest gard.

So. Do not betray me *Zambha*. Za. I Madam. So. No
I not mistrust thee, yet, but, Za. Here you may
Delay your time. So. I *Zambha* delay

By which we may yet hope, yet hope, Alas
How all be numd's my sense *Chance* hath so often
I scarce cā feele : I should now curse the Gods {struck
Call on the furies : stampe the patient earth
cleave my streachd cheeks with sound speake from
But *loud and full* of players eloquence (all sense

No, no, What shall we eat. Za. Madam ile search
For some ripe Nuts which *Autumn* hath shook down
From the vnleau'd Hesel, then some cooler ayre
Shall lead me to a spring : Or I will try
The courteous pale of some poore forrestres,
For milke. *Exit Zambha*. So. Do *Zambha*, O happinesse,
Of those that know not pride or lust of city,

Ther's no man bless'd but those that most men pittie.

O fortunate poore maides, that are not forc'd,
To wed for state nor are for state diuorc'd
Whome policy of kingdoms doth not marry,
But pure affection makes to loue or vary,
You feele no loue, which you dare not to shew,
Nor show a loue which doth not truely grow:

O you are surely blessed of the skie,
You liue, that know not death before you die,

*Through the vantes mouth in his night gowne, torch in his
hand, Syphax enters iust behind Sophon.*

You are: Sy. In *Syphax* armes, thing of false lip,
What God shall now release thee, So. Art a man?

Sy. Thy limbs shall feele, despight thy vertue know
I'le thredd thy richest pearle: this forrests deafe,

As is my lust: *Night* and the God of *scilence*,
Swels my full pleasures, no more shalt thou delude,



The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

My easie credence, Virgin of faire brow,
Well featurde creature, and our vtmost wonder,
Queene of our youthfull bed be proud,

Syphax setteth away his light, & prepareth sin'brace Soph.

He vse thee, *Sopho. snatcheth out her knife.*

So. Look thee, view this, show but one strain of force
Bow but to sease this arme, and by my selfe,

Or more by *Massinissa* this good Steele,
Shall set my soule on wing, thus formde Gods see,

And men with Gods worth enuy nought but me.

Sy. Doe strike thy breast, know being dead, He vse,

With highest lust of sense thy senselesse flesh,

And euen then thy vexed soule shall see,

Without resistance, thy trunke prostitute,

Vnto our appetite. So. I shame to make thee know,

How vile thou speakest: *Corruption* then as much,

As thou shalt doe: but frame vnto thy lusts,

Imaginations vtmost sin: Syphax,

I speake all frightles, know I liue or die

To *Massinissa*, nor the force of fate

Shall make me leaue his loue, or flake thy hate,

I will speake no more,

Sy. Thou hast amaze vs, Womans forced vse,

Like vnripe fruites, no sooner got but waste,

They haue proportion, colour but no taste,

Thinke *Syphax*: -- *Sophonisba* rest thine owne,

Our Guard, *Enter a Guard.*

Creature of most astonishing vertue,

If with faire vsage, loue and passionate courtings,

We may obtaine, the heauen of thy bed,

We cease, no sute from other force be free.

Ve dote not on thy body, but loue thee,

So Wilt thou keep faith? Sy. By thee & by that power

By which thou art thus glorious, trust my vow,

Our guard, conuay the roialst excellence

That euer was cald *Woman*, to our Pallace,

Obserue her with strict care: So. Dread *Syphax* speak

As thou art worthy: is not *Zanthis* false?

The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

Sy. To thee shee is .So. As thou art then thy selfe
Let hir not bee. Sy. Shee is not.

The guard seizeth Zantbia.

Za. Thus most speed when two foes are growne friends
Partakers bleed. Sy. When Plants must flourish

Their manure must rot. So. Syphax bee recompenced.
I hate thee not.

Sopho. Exit.

Sy. A wasting flame feedes on my amorous blood
Which wee must coole or dye? what way all power,
All speech full Opportunity can make,

*his lust
reduces*

We haue made fruitles trial, Infernall Ioue,

You resolute Angels that delight in flames,

To you all wonder working spirites I flie

Since heauen helps not, deepest hell weele trie.

Here in this desert the great soule of Charmes,

Dreadfull *Erichtho* liues whose dismall brow,

Contemnes all roofes or ciuill couerture.

Forfaken graues and tombes the Ghosts forced out.

Shee ioyes to inhabit.

Erichtho

*Infernall Musicke plaies softly whilst Erichtho
enters and when she speaks ceaseth.*

A loathsome yellowe leannesse spreades hir face

A heauy hell-like palenes loades hir cheekes

Vnknowne to a cleare heauen: but if darke windes;

Or thick black cloudes driue back the blinded stars

When her deepe magique makes forc'd heuen quake

And thunder ipite of Ioue. *Erichtho* then

Frō naked graues stalkes out, heaues proud hir head

With lōg vnkēde haire loaden, and striues to snatch

The *Nights quick sulphar*: then she bursts vp tombes

From half rot searcloaths then she scrapes dry gums

For hir black rites: but when she findes a corse

New graud whose entrailles yet not turne

To sly my filth with greedy hauock then

she makes fierce spoile: & swels with wicked triumph

To bury hir leane knuckles in his eyes

Then doeth she knaw the pale and or' egrowne nailes

From his dry hand : but if she find some life

Yet lurking close she bites his gelled lips,

And

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

And sticking her blacke tongue in his drie throat,
She breathes dire murmurs, which inforce him beare
Her banefull secrets to the spirits of horror.
To her first sound, the Gods yeeld any harme,
As trembling once to heare a second charme,
She is: *Eri.* Here *Syphax* here, quake not, for know
I know thy thoughts, thou wouldst entreat our power,
Nice *Sophonisba's* passion to enforce
To thy affection, be, alfull of *Ioue*,
Tis done, tis done, to vs heauē earth, sea, aire,
And Fate it selfe obayes, the heastes of death,
And all the terrors angry Gods inuented,
(T'afflict th'ignorance of patient man),
Tremble at vs: the roulde vp snake vncurlde,
His twisted knots at our affrighting voice,
Are we incens'd? the King of flames grows pale,
Least he be choakde with blacke and earthy fumes,
Which our charms raise: Be ioi'd, make proud thy lust
I do not pray you Gods, my breathes: *You must.*
Sy. Deepe knowing spirit, mother of all high
Misterious science, what may *Syphax* yeeld,
Worthy thy art, by which my soule's thus easde,
The Gods first made me liue, but thou liue please.
Eri. Know then our loue, hard by the reuerēt ruines
Of a once glorious temple rearde to *Ioue*,
Whose very rubbish (like the pittied fall,
Of Vertue much vnfortunate) yet beares,
A deathlesse Maiesty though now quite rac'd,
Hurd downe by wrath, and lust of impious Kings
So that where holy *Flamins* wont to sing,
Sweet Hymns to heauen, there the daw and crow,
The ill voic'de *Rauen*, and still chattering *Pie*:
Send out vngratefull sound, and loathsome filth,
Where statues and *Ioues* acts were viuely lim'd
Boyes with blacke coales, draw the vaild parts of nature,
And lecherous actions of imaginde lust,
Where tombes and beauteous vrns of well dead men.
Stoode in assured rest, the shepheard now,

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

Vnloads his belly : Corruption most abhord
Mingling it selfe with their renowned ashees,
Our selfe quakes at it.

There once a *Charnel* house, now a vast caue,
Ouer whose brow a pale and vnt rod groue
Throws out her heauy shade, the mouth thick armes
Of darksom *Ewe*, (Sun prooffe) for euer choake
Within rests barren darknesse, fruitlesse drough
Pines in eternal *Night* : The steame of *Hell*
Yeeldes not so lasie ayre : there that's my cell
From thence a charme which *Ione* dare not here twice
Shall force her to thy bed : but *Syphax* know
Loue is the highest rebell to our art.

Therefore I charge thee by the feare of all
Which thou knowest dreadfull, or more, by our selfe ;
As with swift hast she passeth to thy bed,
And easie to thy wishes yeelds : speake not one word,
Nor dare as thou dost feare thy losse of joyes :
T'admit one light, one light, *Sy*. As to my Fate
I yeeld my guidance. *Eri*. Then when I shall force
The ayre to musicke and the shads of night
To forme sweete sounds : make proud thy rais'd delight.
Meane time behold I go a charme to reare
Whose potent sound will force our selfe to feare.

Sy. Whether is *Syphax* heau'd? at length shalls joy
Hopes more desired then Heauen? Sweet laboring Earth
Let Heauen be vnform'd with mighty charmes,
Let *Sophonisba* only fill these armes.

Ione weele not enuie thee: Blouds appetite
Is *Syphax* God : My wisdome is my sence,
Without a man I hold no excellence.
Giue me long breath yong beds and sicklesse ease
For we hold firme thats lawfull which doeth please

Infernall Musique softly.

Harke, harke, now rise infernall tones
The depe fetch'd grones

F

OF

The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

Of laboring spirits that attend

Erichtho.

Eri. *Erichtho.*

within.

Sy. Now cracke the trembling earth and send

Shreekes that portend

Affrightment to the Gods which heare

Erichtho.

Eri. *Erichtho*

within

A treble Violl and a base Lute play softlyd within the Canopy.

Harke harke, now softer melody strikes mute

Disquiet nature: O thou power of sound

How thou dost melt me. Harke, now euen Heaven

Giues vp his soule amongst vs: Now's the time

When greedy expectation strains mine eyes

For their lou'd object: now *Erichtho* will'd

Prepare my appetite for loues strict gripes

O you dear founts of pleasure Bloud and Beauty

Rayse actiue venus worth fruition

Of such prouoking sweetnesse. Harke: shee coms,

A short song to soft Musique above.

Now nuptiall Hymes inforced Spirits sing

Harke, (*Syphax*) harke:

Cantant.

Now Hell and Heauen ringes

With Musique spigh of *Phæbus*: Peace:

Enter Erichtho in the shape of Sophonisba, her face

veiled and hasteth in the bed of Syphax.

Shee coms:

Fury of blouds impatient: *Erichtho*

Boue thunder sit; to thee egregious soule

Let all flesh bend. *Sophonisba* thy flame

But equall mine, and weeleioy such delights

Thag

The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

That Gods shall not admire, but euen spight.

Syphax hasteneth within the Canopy as to Sophonisbas bed

Actus Quarti.

FINIS.

A Base Lute and a Treble Violl

play for the Act.

Actus Quinti Scena Prima.

Syphax drawes the curtaines and discoveres Erichtho lying with him.

Eri. Ha, ha, ha, Se. Light, light, Eri. Ha, ha,

Sy. Thou rotten scum of Hell---

O my abhorred heat! O loath'd delusion!

They leape out of the bed Syphax takes him to his sword

Eri. Why foole of kings, could thy weake soule imagine

That t'is within the graspe of Heauen or Hell

To inforce loue? why know Loue doates the Fates

Loue groanes beneath his waight: more ignorant thing,

Know we *Erichtho*, with a thirsty womb

Haue coueted full threescore Suns for bloud of kings,

We that can make inraged *Neptune* tosse

His huge curld lockes without one breath of wind:

We that can make Heauen slide from *Atlas* shoulder:

We in the pride and haight of couetous lust

Haue wisht with womans gredines to fill

Our longing armes with *Syphax* well strong lims:

And dost thou think if *Philters* or Hels charmes

Could haue inforc'd thy vse, we would hau' dam'd

Braine sleightes? no, no, Now are we full

Of our deare wishes: thy proud heat well wasted

Hath made our lims grow young: our loue far well,

Know he that would force loue, thus seekes his Hell.

Erichtho slips into the ground as Syphax offers his sword to him.

Sy. Can we yet breath? is any plagued like me?

Are we? lets thinke: O now contempt, my hate

To the, thy thunder, sulphure and scorn'd name.

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

He whose lifes loath'd, and he who breathes to curse
His very being; let him thus with me

Syphax kneeles at the Altar

Fall fore an Aultar sacred to black powers,
And thus dare Heauens: O thou whose blasting flames
Hurl barren droughes vpon the patient earth,
And thou gay God of riddles and strange tales
Hot-brained *Phebus*, all adde if you can
Something vnto my misery; if ought
Of plagues lurk in your deepe trench'd browes
Which yet I know not: let them fall like boltes
Which wrathfull *Ioue* driues strong into my bosom,
If any chance of war, or newes ill voyc'd,
Mischeife vnthought of lurke, come gift vs all,
Heape curse on curse, we can no lower fall.

Out of the Aultar the ghost of Asdruball ariseth.

Asd. Lower, lower, Sy. What damn'd ayre is form'd
Into that shape? speake, speake, we cannot quake,
Our flesh knowes not ignoble tremblinges; speake,
We dare thy terror: me thinkes Hell and fate
Should dread a soule with woes made desperate.

As. Know me the spirit of great *Asdruball*
Father to *Sophonisba*, whose bad heart
Made justly most vnfortunate: for know
I turn'd vnfaithfull, after which the feeld
Chan'd to our losse, when of thy men there fell
6000 soules next fight of *Lybeans* ten.

After which losse we vnto *Carthage* flying,
Th'inraged people cride their army fell
Through my base treason: straight my reuengefull fury
Makes them persue me, I with resolute hast
Mad to the graue of all our Auncestors.

Where poyson'd, hop'd my bones should haue long rest.
But see the violent multitude arriues
Teare downe our monument, and mee now dead
Deny a graue: hurle vs among the rockes.
To stanch beasts hunger; therefore thus vngrau'd
I seeke slow rest: now doest thou know more woes

And

The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

And more must feele: Mortals O feare to sleight
Your Gods and vowes: Iones arme is of dread might.

Sy. Yet speake shall I orecome approaching foes.

As. Spirits of wrath know nothing but their woes.

Exit

Enter Nuntius.

Nun. My liedge, my liedge, the scouts of Cirta bring intelligēce
Of suddaine danger, full ten thousand horse

Fresh and well rid strong *Massinissa* leads

As wings to Roman legions that march swift

Led by that man of conquest, *Scipio*, Sy. *Scipio*

Nu. Direct to Cirta.

A march far off is heard.

Harke their march is heard euen to the cittye.

Sy. Helpe, our guard, my armes, bid all our leaders march,

Beate thicke allarms, I haue seene things which thou
Wouldst quake to heare,

Boldnes and strength the shame of slaues bee feare.

Vp heart, hold sword: though waues roule thee on shelve,

Though fortune leaue thee leaue not thou thy selfe.

Exit arming

Scena Secunda.

*Enter 2. Pages with targets & Ianelins Lelius & Iugurth with hol-
berds Scipio & Massinissa armed Cornets sounding a march.*

Sc. Stand. *Ma.* Giue the word stand. *So.* Part the fyle. *Ma.* giue

Scipio by thy great name, but greater vertue,

(way

By our eternall loue giue me the chance

Of this dayes battle: Let not thy enuied fame

Vouchsafe t' appose the Roman legious

Against one weakened Prince of Lybea

This quarrels mine: mine bee the stroke of fight

Let vs and *Syphax* hurle our well forced dartes

Each vnto others breast, O (what should I say)

Thou beyonde epithete thou whom proude Lords of fortune

May euen enuye: (alas my ioyes so valte

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

Makes me seeme lost let vs thunder and lightning
Strike from our braue armes, looke, looke, cease that hill,
Harke he comes neare: From thence discern vs strike
Fyer worth *Ioue*, mount vp, and not repute
Mee very proud tho wondrous resolute.
My cause: my cause, is my bold hartning ods,
That seuen fold shield, just armes should fright the Gods
Sci. Thy words are full of honour take thy fate,
Mas. Which wee do scorne to feare, to *Scipio* state
Worthy his heart. Now let the forced brasse
Sound on.

Cornets found a march *Scipio* leades his traine vp to the mount.

Iugurth claspe sure our caske
Arme vs with care, and *Iugurth* if I fall
Through this dayes malice, or our fathers finnes
If it in thy sword lye, breake vp my breast
And saue my heart that neuer fell nor's adue
To ought but *Ioue* and *Sophonisba*. Sound
Sterne hartners vnto woundes and blood, sound loude
For wee haue named *Sophonisba*,

Cornets a flourish

So.

Cornets a march far of.

Harke harke, hee comes, stand bloud, now multiply
Force more then fury, sound high, sound high, wee strike
For *Sophonisba*.

Enter Syphax armd his pages with shields & darts before *Cornets* sounding marches.

Sy. For *Sophonisba*.

Ma. *Syphax.* *Sy.* *Massinissa.* *Ma.* Be twixt vs too
Let single fight try all. *Sy.* Well vrg'd, *Ma.* Well graunted
Of you my stars as I am worthy you
I implore aide, and O if angels waite
Vpon good harts my *Genius* bee as strong
As I am iust. *Sy.* *Kings* glory is their wrong.
Hee that may onely do iust act's a slaue

My

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

My Gods my arme, my life, my heauen, my graue
To mee all end. *Ma.* Giue day, Gods, life and death
To him that onely feares blaspheming breath
For *Sophonisba.* *Sy.* For *Sophonisba.*

Cornets found a charge *Massinissa* & *Syphax*
combate, *Syphax* falles *Massinissa* vn-
claspes *Syphax* caske & as reddy to kil
him speakes *Syphax.*

Sy. Vnto thy fortune not to thee wee yeeld
Ma. Liues *Sophonisba* yet vnstaind, speake iust
Yet ours vnfored; *Sy* Let my heart fall more low
Then is my body, if onely to thy glory
She liues not yet all thine. *Ma.* Rise, rise, cease strife.
Hearc a most deepe reuenge, from vs take life.

Cornets founde a march *Scipio* & *Lelins* Enter,
Scipio palleth to his thron *Massinissa*
presets *Syphax* to *Scipio* feet
Cornets founde a flo-
rish.

To you all power of strength: and next to thee
Thou spirit of triumph borne for victory.
I heave these handes: March wee to *Carthage* straight,
My *Sophonisba* with swift hast to winne
In honor & in loue all meane is fitt. *Ex. Ma. & Ing.*
Sc. As we are Romes great Generall thus wee presse
Thy Captiue neck, but as still *Scipio*
And sensible of iust humanitie
We weepe thy bondage: speake thou ill chanc'd man
What spirit tooke thee when thou wert our friend
(Thy right hand giuen both to Gods and vs
With such most passionate vowes and solemne faith)
Thou fledst with such most foule disloyalty
To now weak *Carthage* strengthing their bad arms
who

The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

Who lately scorn'd thee with all loth'd abuse
Who neuer intertaine for loue but vlc
Sy. Scipio my fortun'd is captiu'd not I
Therefore Ile speake bold truth: nor once mistrust
What I shall say, for now beeing wholly yours
I must not faine, *Sophonisba* 't was shee
T'was *Sophonisba* that sollicit'd
My forc'd reuolt, t'was hir resistles sute
Hir loue to hir deare Carthage' tic'd mee breake
All fait h with men: t'was shee made *Syphax* false
Shee that lou's Carthage with such violence
And hath such mouing graces to allure
That shee will turne a man that one hath sworne
Himselfe on's fathers bones hir Carthage foe
To bee that citties Champion and high friend
Hir Himeneall torch burnt downe my house
Then was I captiu'd when hir wanton armes
Threw mouing claspt about my neck, O charmes
Able to turne euen fate: but this in my true grieffe
Is some iustioy, that my loue sotted foe
Shall seafe that plagre, that *Massinissas* breast
Hir handes shall arme, and that ere long youle try
Shee can force him your foe as well as I,
Sci. Lelius, Lelius, take a choice troupe of horse
And spur to Cirta. To *Massinissa* thus
Syphax pallace, crowne, spoile citties sack
Be free to him but if our new laugh'd friend
Possesse that woman of so mouing art
Charge him with no lesse waight then his deare vow
Our loue, all faith, that hee religne her thee
As hee shall aunswere Rome will him giue vp
A Roman prisoner to the Senates doome
Shee is a Carthaginian, now our lawes
V Wise men preuent not actions, but euer cause
Sy. Good malice, so, as liberty so deere
Proue my reuenge: what I cannot possesse
Another shall not: thats some happines.

Exeunt the Cornets flo wifhing.

Scena

The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

Scena tertia, The Cornets afar off sounding a charge, A Souldier wounded at one dore, Enters at the other Sophonisba, two Pages before her with lightes, two women bearing uppe her traine.

Sol. Princes O flie, *Syphax* hath lost the day,
And captiu'd elies, the Roman Legeons
Haue seise the towne, and with inueterate hate,
Make slaues or murder all: Fier and steele,
Fury and night hold all: faire Queene O flie,
We bleede for Carthage, all of Carthage die. *Exit.*

The Cornets sounding a March, Enter Pages with ianelings and Targets, Massinissa and Iugurth, Massinissas beauer shnt.

Ma. March to the Pallace. *So.* What ere man thou art
Of Libea, thy faire armes speake: giue hart,
To amaze weakenes, heare her, that for long time,
Hath scene no wished light. *Sophonisba,*
A name for misery much knowne, tis she,
Intreates of thy graced sword, this onely boone,
Let me not kneele to Rome, for though no cause,
Of mine deserues their hate, though *Massinissa,*
Be ours to hart, yet Roman Generals
Make proud their triumphs, with what euer captiues
O tis a Nation which from soule I feare,
As one well knowing the much grounded hate,
They beare to *Asdrubal* and Carthage bloud,
Therefore with teares that wash thy feet, with hands
Vnuse to beg I claspe thy manlie knees,
O saue me from their fetters and contempt,
Their proud insults, and more then insolence,
Or if it rest not in thy grace of breath,
To grant such freedome, giue me long wishd death,
For tis not much loathde life, that now we craue,
Onely an vnshand death, and silent graue

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

We will now daine to bend for. *Ma.* Rarity
Mas. *disarmes his head.*

By thee and this right hand thou shalt liue free,
So. We cannot now be wretched. *Ma.* Stay the sword.
Let slaughter cease, Soundes soft as *Ledas* breast, *Soft Musque.*
Slide through all cares, this night be loues high feast,
So. O'rewhelme me not with sweetes, let me not drinke,
Till my breast burst, O *Ione* thy Nectar, thinke

She sinks into Massi. armes.

Ma. She is orecome with ioy. *So.* Helpe, helpe to beare
Some happinesse yee powers, I haue ioy to spare,
Inough to make a God, O *Massinissa.* *Ma.* Peace,
A silent thinking makes full ioyes increase.

Enter Lelius.

Le. *Massinissa.* *Ma.* *Lelius.* *Le.* Thine care. *Ma.* Stand off:
Le. From *Scipio* thus: by thy late vow of faith,
And mutuall league of endles amity,
As thou respects his vertue or *Romes* force,
Deliuier *Sophonisba* to our hand,
Ma. *Sophonisba?* *Le.* *Sophonisba.* *So.* My Lord,
Lookes pale, and from his halfe burst eyes a flame,
Of deepe disquiet breakes, the Gods turne false,
My sad presage. *Ma.* *Sophonisba?* *Le.* Euen she,
Ma. Shee kilde not *Scipios* father nor his vnkle,
Great *Cneius.* *Le.* Carthage did. *Ma.* to her whats Carthage?
Le. Know twas her father *Asdrubal* strooke off
His fathers head, giue place to faith and fate,
Ma. Tis crosse to honor. *Le.* But tis iust to state,
So speaketh *Scipio*, doe not thou detaine,
A Roman prisoner, due to this great triumph,
As thou shalt answer Rome and him. *Ma.* *Lelius.*
We now are in *Romes* power, *Lelius,*
View *Massinissa* do, a loathed act,
Most sinking from that state his hart did keepe,
Looke *Lelius* looke, see *Massinissa* weepe,
Know I haue made a vow more deere to me,

Then:

The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

Then my soules endles being: she shall rest,
Free from Romes bondage. *Le.* But dost thou forget,
Thy vow yet fresh thus breathd: When I desist:
To be commaunded by thy vertue: *Scipio,*
Or fall from friend of Rome, Reuenging Gods,
Afflict me with your torture. *Ma.* Let us enough:
Salute the Roman, tell him wee will act
What shall amaze him. *Le.* Wilt thou yeeld her then?
Ma. Shee shall ariue there straight. *Le.* Best fate of men,
To thee. *Ma.* and *Scipio:* Haue I liude O Heauens,
To be inforcedly perfidious?
So. What vniust grieffe afflicts my worthy Lord,
Ma. Thanke me yee Gods, with much beholdingnes,
For marke, I do not curse you: *So.* Tell mee sweet
The cause of thy much anguish. *Ma.* Ha, the cause?
Lett's see, wreath backe thine armes, bend down thy necke,
Practise base Praiers, make fit thy selfe for bondage,
So. Bondage. *Ma.* Bondage, Roman bondage. *So.* No, No.
Ma. How then haue I vowde well to *Scipio?*
So. How then to *Sophonisba?* *Ma.* Right which way
Runne mad impossible distraction,
So. Deere Lord thy patience, let it maze all power,
And list to her in whose sole heart it rests,
To keepe thy faith vpright. *Ma.* Wilt thou be slau'd,
So. No free. *Ma.* How then keepe I my faith? *So.* My death:
Giu's helpe to all: From Rome so rest we free,
So brought to *Scipio,* faith is kept in thee.

Enter a Page with a bole of wine.

Ma. Thou darst not die, some wine, thou darst not die.
So. How neere was I vnto the curse of man, Ioye,
How like was I yet once to haue beene glad:
He that neere laught may with a constant face,
Contemne *Ioues* frowne. Happiness makes vs base.

She takes a bole into which Mas puts poison.

Behold me *Massimisa,* like thy selfe,
A king and souldier, and I pree thee keepe,

M. poisons her

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

My last command, *Ma*, Speake sweet. So, Deere doe not weepe
And now with vndismaid resolute behold,
To saue *You, you*, (for honor and iust faith,
Are most true Gods, which we should much adore)
With euen disdainfull vigour I giue vp,
An' abhord life. *She drinks.* You haue beene good to me,
And I doe thanke thee heauen, O my stars,
I blesse your goodnes, that with breast vnstaind,
Faith pure: a Virgin wife, try'de to my glory,
Idie of female faith, the long liu'de story,
Secure from bondage, and all seruile harmes,
But more most happy in my husbands armes. *she sinks*
Iug. Massinissa, Massinissa, Ma. Couetous
Fame greedy Lady, could no scope of glory,
No reasonable proportion of goodnes
Fill thy great breast, but thou must proue immense
Incomprehence in vertue, what wouldst thou,
Not onely be admirde, but euen adorde?
O glory ripe for heauen? Sirs helpe, helpe, helpe,
Let vs to *Scipio* with what speed you can.
For piety make haste, whilst yet we are man.

Exeunt bearing Soph. in a chaire,

*Cornets, A March, Enter Scipio in full state triumphal or-
nameutes carried before him and Sy. bound at the other
dore Lelius.*

Sc. What answers *Massinissa* will he send,
That *Sophonisba* of so mouing tonges
Le. Full of dismaid vnsteddines he stood,
His right hand lookt in hers, which hand he gaue
As pledge from Rome, she euer should liue free
But when I entred, and well vrg'd this vow
And thy command his great hart sunke with shame:
His eyes lost spirite, and his heat of life,
Sanke from his face, as one that stood benumbde;
All mazde, t' effect, impossibilities,
For eyther vnto her or *Scipio*,

He

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

He must breake vow, long time he toss'd his thoughts
And as you see a snow ball being rolde
At first a handfull, yet long bould about,
Insensibly acquires a mighty globe,
So his cold griefe through agitation growes,
And more he thinkes, the more of griefe he knowes
At last hee seemde to yeeld her. *Sy.* Marke *Scipio*,
Trust him that breaks a vow? *Sc.* How thê trust thee?
Sy. O misdoubt him not, when hee's thy slaue like me

Enter Massinissa all in black,

Mas. *Scipio*, *Sc.* *Massinissa*, *Ma.* *Generall*, *Sc.* *King*.

Mas. Liu's there no mercy for one soule of Carthage
But must see basenes? *Sc.* Wouldst thou ioy thy peace,
Deliuier *Sophonisba* straight and cease,
Do nor graspe that which is too hote to hold,
We grace thy griefe, and hold it with soft sense.
Inioy good courage, but voide insolence.
I tell thee Rome and *Scipio* daine to beare,
So low a breast as for her say, we feare.

Ma. Do not, doe not let not the fright of Nations
Know so vile termes. Shee rests at thy dispose

Sy. To my soule ioy, shall *Sophonisba* then
With me go bound and waite on *Scipio*'s wheele?

When th' whole worlds giddy one man cānot reele,
Ma. Starue thy leane hopes, and Roman's now behold
A fight would sad the Gods: make Phæbus cold.

*Organe and Recorders play to a single voice: Enter in the mean time
the mournful solemnity of Massinissas presenting Sophon. body:*

Looke *Scipio*, see what hard shift we make
To keepe our vowes; here, take I yeeld her thee,
And *Sophonisba* I keepe vow thou art still free.

Sy. Burst my vext heart, the torture that most rackes
An enimie, is his foes royall actes.

Sc. The glory of thy vertue liue for euer,
Braue hartes may be obscur'd, but extinct neuer.

Scipio adornes Massinissa.

Take from the *Generall of Rome* this crowne,
This roabe of triumph, and this conquests wreath.

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